

A Sniper's Story

by Church v2

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Summary: The story of Sniper Jason Santos, 1st Squad, Baker Company, 81st Marine Division or whats left of it. Just put Chapter 4 up, new chapters will be posted soon. Read, Enjoy, REVIEW, and wait for more.

1. The Pillar of Autumn

A/N: This is my 1st story so don't expect too much out of me yet.

Halo: A Sniper's Story

Chapter One

The _Pillar of Autumn_

Thump. Thump. Thump.

That sound was constant to the interior on the surface of Reach as the last remaining survivors fled to the Pelicans, among whom was a young Marine Corporal by the name of Jason Santos.

He could feel the intense heat coming from the plasma torpedoes that were landing, even though they were landing some 15 miles away. As the last of the marines in his squad were strapped into the Pelican he looked out of the bay doors. All he saw fire then ash, and then just glass, he cursed as he thought of all the marines in the other squads that weren't so lucky. The glassing of Reach had begun about 10 minutes ago, once the airfields and other top priority facilities had been destroyed the Covenant armada that was in orbit around reach moved on to the smaller, harder to find Marine encampments.

Just 6 years before his birth, humanity had been having its ass given to it on a golden platter just about every battle. The only battles that they had won were because either the covenant in charge made a huge mistake, which didn't happen often, or from the tactics of the

Commanders of the UNSC's Fleet. Commanders like Captain Keyes and others like him, have helped win hopeless naval engagements by using only the craziest tactics ever conceivedâ€¦ but then again the covenant had the technology and numbers on their side.

"How much longer until we will reach the _Autumn_?" Jason asked the pilot.

"Will you just shut up and pull that tin can of a helmet over your head, I can't answer questions and dodge plasma torpedoes at the same time!" The pilot responded.

Jason chose not to respond, knowing that he would be saying the same thing if he was the pilot and some Marine corporal was nagging him with questions. He took his helmet off and looked around the cargo bay of the Pelican, most of the other members of his squad were either sleeping or trying to get some sleep. He decided to do the same.

The Pelican touch down, jerking him awake. He looked around and found his spotter, Private Kelly, in line to get out of the pelican bay doors,

"Why didn't you wake me up before we landed?" Jason asked.

"Sorry man you looked like you needed the rest so I just though that I shouldn't wake you up." Kelly replied

Reaching down he realized that his weapon wasn't with him.

"Where's me sniper rifle?" Jason asked in alarm.

"Oh, I toke the liberty of putting it into the storage lockers by the cockpit." Kelly said.

Private James Kelly was the best spotter Jason had ever had or known, and didn't feel worried about it like he would have if any other Marine picked up his sniper rifle without asking. After getting his SR2-AM Sniper and personal MA5B out of the pelican he looked around and was just gong to the armory to put his weapons away when Lieutenant Jacobs, his squad leader yelled,

"Captain on deck!"

Out of reflex everyone and anyone stopped what they were doing and saluted. After a while everyone realized it was Captain Keyes, who some how had walked into the center of them all without anyone noticing.

He caught sight of the Captain just as Keyes looked over at him, seemingly admiring his SR2-AM sniper rifle.

"What's your name Corporal?"

"Jason Santos, Sir, Baker Company."

The Captain nodded and looked at Jason's sniper rifle again.

"Do you always keep your weapons in that condition, corporal?"

"No sir..., I just wanted it to look like I was doing something."

He realized only to late that Lieutenant Jacobs was glaring at him in surprise and anger, as if to say "way to go ". Tense moments past, and Jason realized that if Keyes toke the joke the wrong way there would be some big problems. Suddenly Keyes burst out laughing, after 10 seconds but what seemed like an eternity to Jason, Keyes nodded again and told them to get some rest while they could. After dropping off his SR2-AM, but keeping his MA5B with him just in case he started looking for a place to sack out. None of the men in his squad had been assigned quarters so Jason just walked into the nearest empty room, dropping his MA5B at the door and flopped on the bed without a second thought.

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>The sharp sound of Plasma hitting the Autumn woke Jason up. Jumping off of the bed, and grabbing his MA5B he raced down to the armory. Realizing he didn't have time to find his SR2-AM he simply grabbed a few clips for his MA5B, 5 clips for his pistol and 4 frags. Then racing down the hallway in the direction of the sounds of battle. He hadn't been on a UNSC Cruiser sense he was shipped out from basic and quickly got lost.

He turned to his left and saw the flashes of gunfire and plasma and sprinted towards it. Jason soon found that the Marines there were from his own first squad. Looking to kill some covenant s for what they did to reach he quickly toke a frag from his belt, primed it, then flung it at the nearest elite. At first the elite didn't notice the small explosive device at his feet, and saw it only seconds to late. Jason grinned at the gruesome effects of his frag, the elite roared as the grenade exploded and sent bits of molten metal through its shields and into the soft flesh behind it as its blood was splattered all over its fellow covenant. Having no more leader the grunts either fled or were killed by the marines withering fire. Soon the all clear was sounded Jason and the rest of the marines moved down the hallway when over the communication system came the voice of Captain Keyes.

"_All hands head for the nearest lifeboats. Combat teams Alpha-Sierra, repel boarders until life boats are away!"_

All eyes looked to Lieutenant Jacobs as he looked at the ships schematics.

"There, hallway 12C has a lifeboat waiting. All right people lets get moving, 12C is about a 5 minute walk from here. Corporal Santos, you take point. Yell if you see anything."

Jason knew that Lieutenant Jacobs was getting back at him for what he said to Captain Keyes in the hangers.

"Sir yes Sir" was all he could say.

2. Halo

A/N: Please read this and review it. Like I said before this is my 1st story and could use the input from you all.

Chapter Two

**Halo**

"Corporal Santos! Get your ass up on top of that plateau andâ€|"

Lieutenant Jacobs was interrupted as a wave of plasma smashes into him with such force that his now lifeless body did a summersault before hitting the ground. Almost as soon as it happened Second Lieutenant Wilson took over the squad of rugged Marine.

"Suppressing fire! Corporal Santos, Private Kelly, get your ass up to that plateau and give me some fire discipline!" Yelled Wilson into their helmet comm. links.

"But sir, I don't have my SR2-AM with me!" Jason replied

"You do know."

Jason spun around to find that Kelly grinning at him holding his SR2-AM Sniper Rifle.

"How the hell did you get that? Jason asked in surprise.

"Never mind that, you two just get the up on that plateau and start shooting!" Ordered Second Lieutenant Wilson.

"Sir yes sir" Both Jason and Kelley said at the same time.

Jason then nodded at Kelly, who did the same to him before sprinting up to the plateau. They had landed in some kind of rock quarry, and were just stepping out of the lifeboat when Lieutenant Jacobs was killed. Looking back he could see the other Marines in his squad dashing for cover, as the Covenant near by barraged them with plasma.

Reaching the plateau in a matter of seconds, Jason took a knee and looked through his scope. He looked around with it to get his bearings, then looking to see if his squad was still there. He was startled to see that most of his squad had found cover before the waves of plasma hit them. And already several Grunts were lying dead in front of them. Jason could also see that Second Lieutenant Wilson was handling himself very well, yelling orders over the intercoms seemed to be his favorite thing to do. But all in all Jason's squad was doing rather well. Then Private Kelly, who had been looking for targets using his binos piped up,

" There, an Elite. 2 O'clock low, crouched behind some rocks."

Jason found it, zeroing in on its head he realized it was an Elite Ultra. Prime target.

"He must be the leader." Jason commented.

"Well then, take the er out." Kelly replied coolly.

Jason grinned as he took up the 2 out of 3 pounds of pressure need to fire his weapon. Thinking to himself,

"This idiot thinks he is safe hiding, he is already dead but just doesn't know it yet."

He took a breath, and pulled. He smiled as what was the Elites head burst into a mass of purple blood. Moving on he found a Jackel that was behind its shield, with only the top of its head was unprotected. One inch was all Jason needed, and 5 seconds later there was one less Jackel to worry about. Jason reloaded.

As the battle slowed down, the remaining Jackels (only 3) fled as the last of the Grunts were gunned down by the Marines. Coming down from his perch, Jason saw two Marines lying on the ground dead with holes in their chest. He signed as he looked at Second Lieutenant Wilson, who seemed to be wondering what to do next.

Suddenly the sound of a LAAG chain gun was heard coming from the direction of the retreating Jackels. Jason could see the Jackels hopelessly diving for cover as hundreds of bullets tore them apart. The area fell quiet, and then from around the corner came a Warthog, and there in the drivers seat was Spartan-117.

Otherwise known as the Master Chief.

A/N: I know its short, well at least to me it is. Please review; I could really use the input from everyone! Thanks

3. Have Gun, Will Travel

A/N: That's for the reviews everyone! I'll try to put what was said to go use.

**Chapter Three **

Have Gunâ€| Will Travel

"It's a Mark V!" Exclaimed an overzealous Marine.

Word went to the rest of the squad that the Master Chief was here, and soon everyone was around the Spartan to admire the human super-soldier. The Chief then asked who was in charge, as Second Lieutenant Wilson stepped forward.

"I'm Second Lieutenant Wilson." Wilson answered.

"Is this everyone?" The Chief asked. Jason wondered if the Spartan thought that there was a whole battalion down here.

"Yea this is everyone Chief. We called for Evac but until you showed up I thought we were done for." Wilson replied. Then over the intercom, what Jason guest was their ride out of here radioed in.

"This is Pelican Echo-419, does anyone read me. Any UNSC forces respond." The pilot was obviously unsure if any of the lifeboats made it down at all.

What happened next surprised Jason. A voice of a woman came over the comm., who then responded to Echo-419.

"Roger Echo-419. This if Fire Team Baker. Is that you Foehammer?"

"Roger Fire Team Baker, good to hear from you. I read you five by five." Foehammer replied.

" Foehammer, we need transportation to the command shuttle. Can you give us a lift? The voice said

"Roger that." Replied Echo-419. "I'm sending you our location now." The AI said. "Roger, Echo-419 going on station" Echo-419 responded.

Then Jason realized whom it was that was speaking. "Cortana?" Jason Said.

"Yes Corporal Santos?" Cortana replied. Jason was amazed that it knew his name.

"Nothing, sorry" Jason told her.

Cortana signed as if to say, "Thanks for wasting my time." As they settled in to wait for Echo-419, a group of Elites, and Jackels came running over the hills from where the Master Chief entered and began firing onto the exposed Marines. As waves of plasma rushed towards them Jason and his squad all either dashed for the rocks or laid flat on the ground to avoid the incoming fire.

The Master Chief immediately went into action, dodging waves of plasma until the enemy was within range of the Marines MA5B Assault Rifles.

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"Maintain discipline!" Yelled Megna Manammee.

As his squad of 4 Sangheili and 10 Kar'yar patroled, they had come across a rather large group of humans that had crash-landed on the sacred ring. He ordered the Kar'yar to form a wall with their shields as he and the rest of his Sangheili brothers provided covering fire. Megna looked ahead and what he saw he could not believe.

"The demon is here!" He yelled.

But it was too late for the Kar'yar as a frag grenade was lobed into the middle of the group of Kar'yar. With yells of surprise the Kay'yar tried to jump for cover. The grenade exploded sending the Kar'yar flying in the air.

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As the Master Chief moved forward, Second Lieutenant Wilson signaled for the rest of his squad to move to support him. Jason had seen the Master Chief in action before but wasn't really paying attention. Now he could see the style and grace that the Chief used in combat. Jason swung his SR2-AM over his shoulder and took out his personal MA5B. He

could see 4 Elites up ahead and wondered what they were doing.

"They must know that if they stay they will be killedâ€|" he thought to himself.

"Stand your ground!" Megna Manamme shouted at his snagheili brethren.

"The demon is upon us!" One of the younger, less experienced Sangheili yelled in alarm.

Megna then yelled out, " PAY FOR YOUR SIN'S DEMON!" and charged. The rest of his brethren did the same.

With roars and battle cries the 4 Sangheili rushed down the hill towards the demons position. Megna knew that the battle would be lost if the reinforcements that he requested did not reach them in time. The sound of energy swords seemed to echo through the rock quarry as the Sangheili in front yelled out a battle cry.

Megna saw him lung at the demon with his energy sword. But the demon was no longer there; Megna looked on helpless as his Sangheili brethren lunged and over extend himself, which left him open for attack. The demon spun and fired into its back. With its shield broken the Sangheili was quickly killed by the demon with the butt of its rifle.

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Jason was amazed at the Master Chief's speed and agility, and after seeing first hand what an Elite could do, he told himself never to doubt the Spartan ever again. With one Elite dead the, battle quickly turned in to a slaughter. In a matter of seconds 2 more Elites lied dead next to the first. With only one more Elite left Second Lieutenant Wilson told his squad to hold up and spread out.

Jason and Kelly moved over to a high standing rock, and climbing on Kelly's shoulder, Jason crawled on top of it. As me took his SR2-AM from his shoulder, he felt the ground start to vibrate. Looking up he realized what he feared had been confirmed. Coming over the hill was 3 Wraith mortar tanks and some 300 Grunts, Jackels, and Elite.

"_Holyshit_! _Where the hell did they come from?_" Screamed Second Lieutenant Wilson.

Turning to Kelly, Jason yelled. "Kelly! Get on the radio, tell Echo-419 that we need extraction on the double!"

As Kelly raced to the radio the Wraiths spotted the lone Marine on the rock.

"Shit!" Jason exclaimed as the Wraiths opened fire on his position. Jumping off the rock, he sprinted towards Kelly, who was frantically trying to reach Foehammer.

"Fullhammer! This is Fire Team Baker, we are under heavy fire and need extraction now!" Kelly Yelled into the radio headset as the

Wraths mortars landed on the rock that Jason had been on only moments before.

"Roger, Fire Team Baker. I read you five by five. Hang tight, Echo-419 on the way."

Then Jason heard Second Lieutenant Wilson yelling at the rest of his squad, "fall back, fall back!"

As the roar of battle echoed through the rock quarry, Jason heard and felt the rumble of a Pelican coming in. Flying over the canyon ridge came in fact three Pelicans, two of them seemed to be fitted with Missile racks.

As the Pelicans flew over, the two Pelicans carrying Missiles opened up on the Covenant Wraiths. A shower on missiles rained down on the Wraths, even though the Wraiths were known as the floating fort, the armor couldn't withstand the wave of explosives screaming towards them.

The missiles slammed into all 3 Wraiths, which had made the mistake of bunching together. As more and more missiles slammed the Wraths, the hover-drives overloaded resulting in three huge explosions that sent hot molten metal into any Covenant that was to close.

Now that the Wraiths were destroyed the Missile Pelicans left as the Master Chief and Jason's squad loaded up into the third Pelican.

"Well Foehammer, better late then never." Cortana said over the intercom.

"Roger" Foehammer replied with a laugh.

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Megna Manammee rose from cover as the human drop ship flew away. Looking around at the carnage he could see three Wraths burning and about fifty Unngoy, Sangheili, and Kay'yar bodies lying around them. He cursed the demon, and moved on to find his Commander. Kado 'Toromee watched as Megna Manamme walked towards him, and he grinned as he greeted his fellow Sangheili.

"What happened here Megna?" Kado asked.

"My squad of 10 Kar'yar and 4 other Sangheili were on patrol when we came across a large group of about 10 humans.

"Then why did you call for reinforcements? Your squad could have easily destroyed them." Kado inquired.

"You do not understand, the demon was with themâ€|" Megna replied quietly.

"The demon is here? I thought he was killed when we boarded their ship." Kado said in a surprised tone.

"As did I brother, as did Iâ€|"

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As the Pelican gained altitude, Jason began to wonder, why this rind world was here. Who built it, and for what purpose? He felt so tired that he could hardly keep his eyes open. Finally giving in to sleep, Jason dozed off.

A/N: Please Review!

4. Family Reunion

**A/N: Sorry for the VERY late update. **

Chapter Four

**Family Reunion **

Sleep was never a comfortable thing for a Marine. Because for a Marine, especially this one, dreams contained all of that which a Marine forced into the back of their minds when awake.

Jason woke with a start as the Pelican carrying him and his fellow squad mates to an instillation that the higher-ups had named "Liberty", jolted from yet another glob of plasma being thrown at them

Looking around the Pelican cargo bay, he say his fellow Marines were also having a very difficult time in the sleep department of a humans needs. Having repositioning himself into a more comfortable position, he fell back to sleep.

"Hey, Jason. Wake up man, we're here!"

Looking up, all Jason could see was the fuzzy outline of his spotters grinning face, which surprisingly was clean and dirt-free. Sitting up and shaking his head to clean his vision, Jason realized that they were no longer in the cramped Pelican's cargo bay, but in an improvised barracks.

"Why didn't you wake me when we arrived?" Jason demanded.

"Well, its not like I didn't try. Its more like I couldn't wake you up." Kelly replied.

Not bothering to know what Kelly meant by that, Jason got up and walked out of the building with Kelly following close behind. What he saw surprised him more than anything else.

They were in a valley, which was literally, filled with men and equipment.

"Where the hell did all of these guys come from?" Jason asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"Oh, this? Well, you see a lot more made it off of the Autumn then we knew." A voice from behind Jason replied.

Spinning around, Jason came face to face with another Marine who obviously knew more about what was going on than he did.

Upon inquiring more about the situation around him, Jason realized that not only had more marines made it off of the Autumn then he thought, but also that much of the heavy equipment from the Autumn's cargo bays had been salvaged.

With a renewed sense of hope, and without much more thought about the marine that supplied this information to him, he happily walked off in search of the mess hall.

Jason's walk to the mess hall, which would have been a pleasant one, was interrupted by that of his commanding officer.

"Corporal Santos, where have you been?" Demanded a very angry Second Lieutenant Wilson.

Looking around, Jason saw a red faced Wilson coming out of what looked like a briefing room. Turning on the spot he promptly saluted before noticing the two bars that were pinned to Wilson's collar.

"Well, congratulations on the promotion to captain, sir." Jason said with a grin on his face.

"Don't get too happy, Sergeant." Wilson replied.

Puzzled, Jason was about to inquire what he meant but was cut off. The mystery was solved when Wilson reached into his pocket and pulled out and a chevron.

"And you thought you could get away with being a corporal for this long." Wilson said with a smirk on his face.

Jason was going to argue, but was momentarily halted when he looked up at Wilson's face. What he had expected was a childish "April fools". But Wilson's expression was one of dead seriousness.

"What? Can't you officers find anyone else to give it too? I mean, there are plenty of other corporals out there that deserve this more than I do." Jason stammered.

"Can you name one? Listen kid, we are out here on a floating pile of shit that happens to be shaped like a ring. We're short on good NCOs that know what they are doing." Wilson replied in the most demanding tone that Jason had ever heard.

Unable to think of any other excuses, Jason simply held out his hand, took the chevron and walked away.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, not so fast. Seeing that you are a Sergeant now, you'll need to know who you will be leading." Wilson called after him.

Turning on one foot, Jason hoped he was just having a bad dream and was still on the pelican flying to god knows where.

"You'll take over 3rd Squad. Oh and, give this to Pvt. Kelly." Wilson

said before hurrying away to another briefing.

Turning around, Jason realized that Kelly was no longer with him. Not wanting to let Kelly feel left out of the promotion loop. Jason went off in search of his spotter.

After over an hour of looking, Jason found Kelly in the place where they had been trying to get to from the start. The mess hall was crowded and Jason had to push and shove to get to Kelly.

Sitting down, he threw the "gift" into Kelly's lap. Picking it up, Kelly's face glowed.

"Awww, you shouldn't have." Kelly said in a childish voice.

"Yea well, I couldn't let you miss out of all the fun." Jason replied sarcastically.

"Well now, Sergeant Santos and Corporal Kelly. You know, that kind of rhymes." Kelly replied.

Never one to just sit around, Jason stood up and walked out of the mess hall closely followed by a still gloating Kelly. Before even walking 15 yards away from the mess hall and Jason could hear Captain Wilson's voice booming his name.

"Santos, get over here." Wilson commanded.

Jason had been hoping that Wilson hadn't spotted them. But then that would have been too nice of a thing for fate to do.

"Santos, grab your gear!" Wilson stated

"What do you mean sir, we just got here?" A very confused looking Kelly inquired.

"Obviously, you two don't know that with rank comes responsibility." Wilson snapped back.

Jason had been expecting this to come, mainly because it happened to every newly promoted Sergeant.

"Santos, take Kelly and grab your gear. You've got a patrol to lead." Wilson barked.

A/N: I know its short, but its just a "intro" chapter to the action.

End
file.